

# MURDERER WROTE A VOLUME OF HIS WRONGS

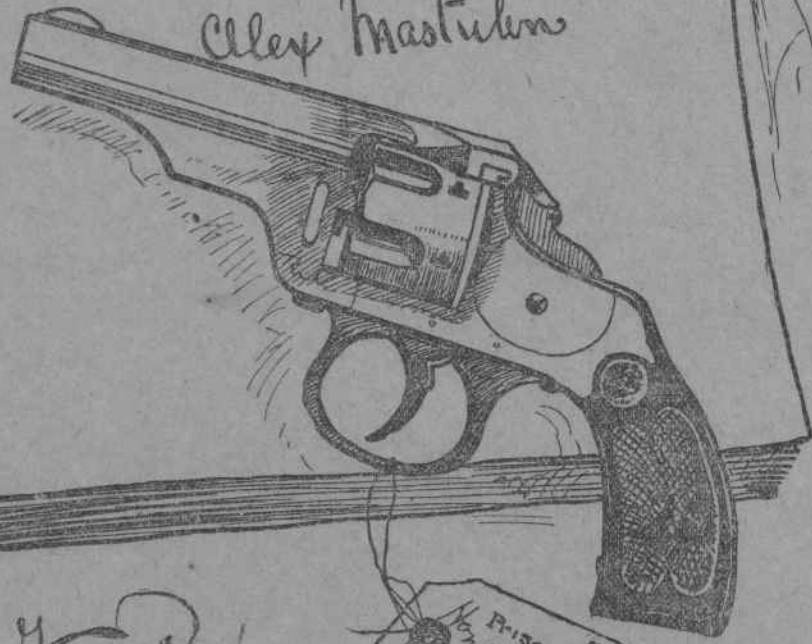
Five Shots Struck the Aged Victim Before the Slayer Was Satisfied.

A LAST, LONG INTERVIEW.

Plumb and Masterton Had Not Spoken for Ten Years Before the Fatal Meeting.

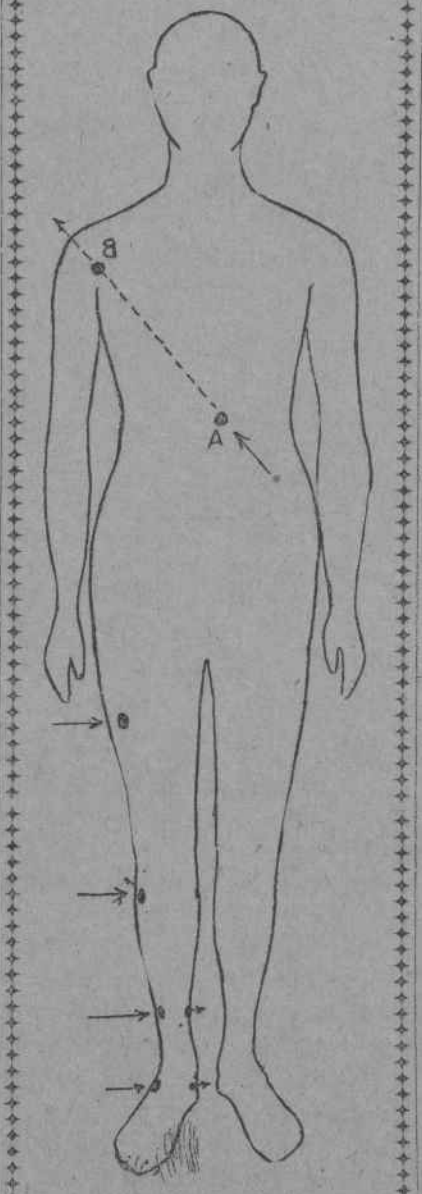
To all whom it may concern

Why  
I Heale Plumb  
Shot  
Alex Masterton

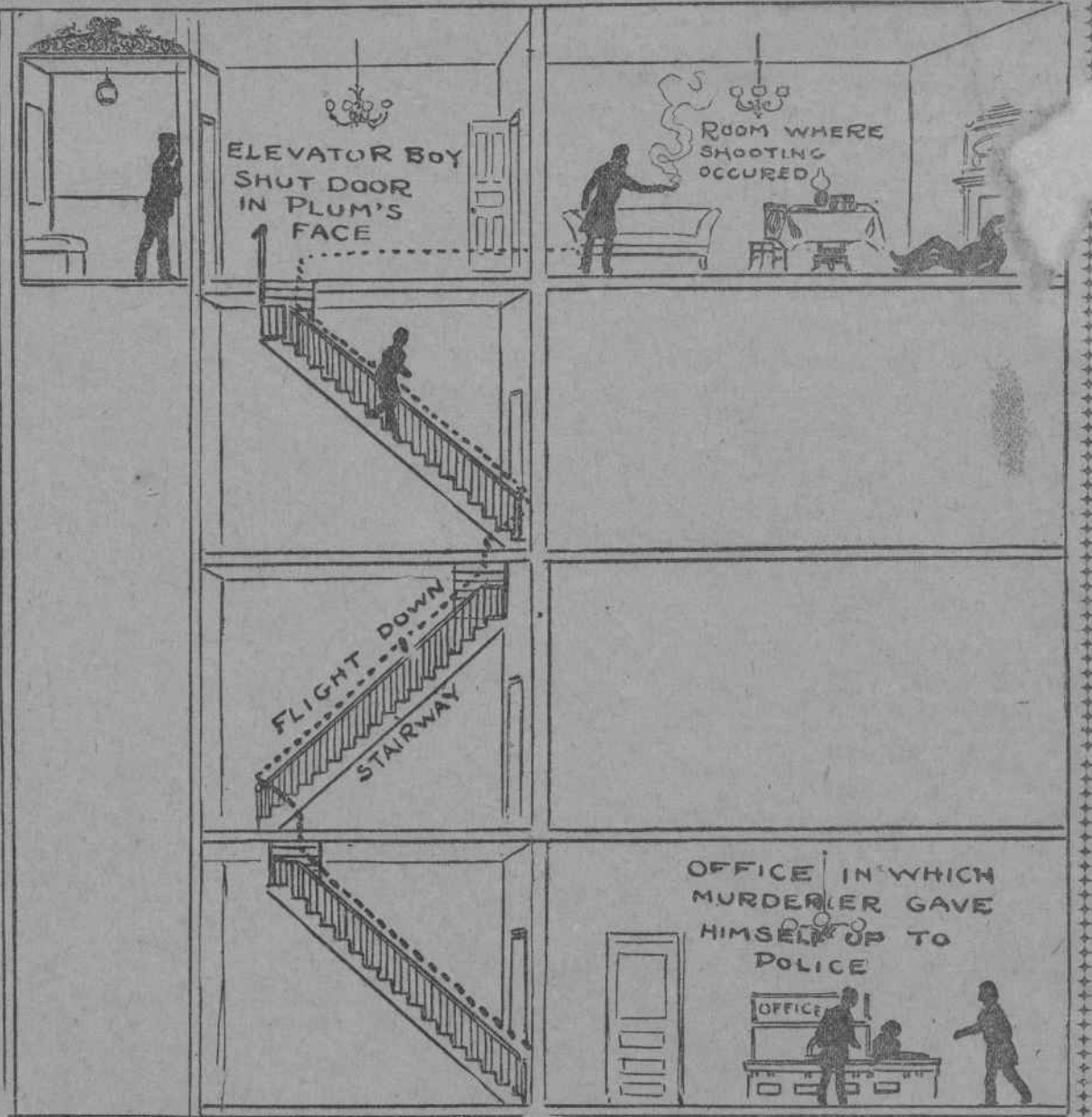


J. Neale Plumb

Prisoner James A. Plumb  
New York State Prison  
Date May 3, 1899



The Shots That Struck Masterton.



Murder of Masterton and Flight of the Murderer.

Fac-Simile of the First Page of the Murderer's Statement, His Signature and the Revolver with Which He Killed Mr. Masterton.

with him through a series of decoy letters and telegrams, and they never suspected they had been duped until a month subsequent, when to Masterton's dumfounded astonishment she confronted them in the Surrogate's Court before Surrogate Hollins, and on the witness stand through her counsel, Mr. Henry Thompson, presented Masterton's dishonest letters and telegrams to her, and copies of her decoy letters and telegrams sent by her to Masterton and his lawyer and showing up his dishonesty of purpose and his duplicity and rascality.

## The Incident of J. Ives Plumb's Marriage.

IN 1886 Masterton found another opportunity to do me a grievous injury. My son, Mr. J. Ives Plumb, at the time was a student in the Troy Polytechnic, studying civil engineering when he became acquainted in 1885 with a Troy girl by the name of Annie Turner, and with whom he lived for some time, and on whom he lavished several thousand dollars in money, diamonds, etc., until he was finally threatened with a suit for \$50,000 by the girl's disreputable father, if my son did not marry his daughter within six weeks.

As it was simply a blackmail scheme, the late Hon. Winchester Britton and myself took prompt and heroic measures on behalf of my son, and soon got him out of the difficulty and he severed all relations with this girl.

On June 15, 1888, my son graduated at the Troy Polytechnic with high honors as a civil engineer.

Some weeks after he graduated, the girl, aided and abetted by her father and a cousin of prominence and wealth in Troy, who had been her angel and admirer before she met my son, laid a trap for my son while she was in New York, resulting in his renewing his former relations with her, and subsequently, under compulsion, made an agreement to marry this woman in the following September and take her to his home at Deer Range, Islip, Long Island.

Masterton then had it in his power, as my son's trustee, financially and otherwise, to oppose this fatal step, and one word from Masterton at that time would have saved my son and the destruction of his whole future career; but, no, this heartless, merciless man, on learning the true situation, placed himself at the disposal of my son financially and in other ways, to promote his plans and bring it to a speedy conclusion, knowing full well that this fatal step on the part of my son would break my heart, and would break up our home and happy life and separate me and my son forever, as it finally did.

And now I come down to the last great conspiracy of Alex. Masterton, and which has culminated his long years of cruel, vindictive, by his punishment decreed by an outraged god.

My eldest daughter, Miss Marie Jeanette Plumb, was to reach her majority April 20, 1888, and early in the year we had arranged to sail for New York on April 20, to be absent six weeks only, for the sole purpose of adjusting accounts and other matters with trustees incident to my daughter's majority.

Now, early in February, 1888, my daughter made the acquaintance of a man by the name of Ramsey Nares, and I was not aware of the fact until a prominent citizen of Southampton sent me a confidential letter, stating that Nares had for two months been carrying on surreptitious interviews and correspondence with my daughter, and considered it his duty to warn me against the man, as he was a dangerous man, a notorious fortune-hunter and an impudently society scoundrel of low moral character, and that there was nothing too mean or contemptible for him to be guilty of when money was involved, and that he had been bragging about the clubs and elsewhere that he was going to bag the little American Miss Plumb and her large fortune.

On receiving this note of warning of such high sort I took immediate steps, unknown to my daughter, not only to ascertain the true facts, but with the aid of experienced detectives from Scotland Yard, London, to surround my daughter with every safeguard.

I was soon put in possession of the facts and a clear insight into the situation and as to the plans of this man. I ascertained that Ramsey Nares had been living for several years with a prominent society woman, an American of wealth, living in a luxurious style, at Clifton villa, in the suburbs of Southampton, by the name of Mrs. John A. Ubbell, her husband residing in New York, and who had been, virtually speaking, supporting this man for several years. It also transpired that the interviews and correspondence that had been going on between Nares and my daughter has through the connivance of Mrs. Ubbell at Clifton villa.

## Tried to Arrange Clandestine Marriage.

THROUGH a judicious and prodigal expenditure of money I soon got at all the facts down to the minutest details. The detectives finally placed in my hands, through the medium of Mrs. Ubbell's confidential French maid, a copy of a note from Nares to Mrs. Ubbell, in which he says:

"My Darling Angel—If you will do your part as well as I am doing mine everything will come out all right, and I will draw up an agreement and bring it up to you to-morrow night. If you succeed in our American scheme so that I can bag little Miss P., and her fortune, I will stimulate and agree when I come in to her fortune to pay you the sum of one thousand pounds sterling (\$5,000) and to Miss Cole the sum of five hundred pounds (\$2,500)."

Miss Cole was a companion and confidante, living permanently with Mrs. Ubbell.

I also learned through this French maid that they had endeavored to induce my daughter to consent to a clandestine marriage to Nares, and not to announce it until her return from America.

But, notwithstanding the great pressure brought to bear on my daughter, she absolutely and firmly refused to take this step.

On our arrival here, April 15, 1888, my daughters went to stop with some friends at No. 42 West Forty-seventh street, while I put up at a hotel, passing the day time at my office on estate accounts and evening with my daughters.

On the 19th inst. I passed the evening with my daughters, when it was arranged that they were to dine with me at my hotel in a private dining room on

the following evening, April 20, 1888, for a birthday dinner at 6:30 and go to the theatre in the evening.

A carriage had been ordered to bring them to the hotel at 6 o'clock. As they had not arrived at 7 o'clock, I became alarmed, fearing that some accident had happened to them, and on inquiring at No. 42 West Forty-seventh street ascertained that my daughters were not there, and that all their luggage had been removed that forenoon, but no one knew their destination.

## Both Daughters Had Been Kidnapped.

FOR three days I could get no trace of my daughters, and I was almost distracted with anxiety and alarm.

Subsequently, through that peerless detective, Charles Heldburg, I was put in possession of the following facts: That at 10 a. m. on April 20 my daughter took her sister Lenita to pass the day with a young friend in East Fifty-second street, and with special instructions to leave exactly at 4 o'clock for No. 42 West Forty-seventh street to dress for dinner and join me at the hotel as prearranged. That my eldest daughter then returned immediately to No. 42 West Forty-seventh street and transferred all their luggage to the Victoria Hotel, and where Alexander Masterton was ready to receive her, and where he had daily passed hours with my daughter since her arrival on the 13th of April.

That my daughter Lenita, on leaving her friend's house at 4 p. m., walked to the corner of Madison avenue and Fifty-second street, where she was kidnapped and forcibly placed in a closed coach in waiting and driven rapidly to the Victoria Hotel, where she was escorted to the private parlor of her sister and where later on she was joined by Alexander Masterton and David McClure, who had planned and carried out this wicked and infamous conspiracy and abduction to separate my daughter from her father.

On the following day, closely veiled and otherwise disguised, Miss Lenita was taken in a closed carriage to New Jersey and placed in the hands of parties in league with Masterton, and two days after transferred to Troy, N. Y., and placed in the house of a stranger who took charge of her virtually as a prisoner, as she was not permitted to see or communicate with anybody, or even permitted to read the daily papers, by strict orders of Alexander Masterton.

Subsequently she was removed to her brother's residence, Deer Range, Islip, and four weeks after transferred to the residence of Masterton, at Bronxville, N. Y.

When this young lady was kidnapped, and subsequently, the only way that Masterton could control her and keep her away from her father, whom she had previously idolized, was to make her believe that her father had robbed her of her entire estate. And in relation to this estate of my youngest daughter, Lenita, at the instigation of Masterton, David McClure gave out to the reporters of the daily papers and had spread broadcast throughout the city with sensational headings,

## "DID HE STEAL HIS DAUGHTER'S ESTATE?"

"A GUARDIAN ROBS HIS DAUGHTER OF HER ENTIRE ESTATE," and stating that her father and guardian had dissipated her entire estate in riotous living, etc., when at that very time Masterton and his counsel knew that this young lady's estate had never been in her father's hands at all, but was transferred from her former guardian to the Comptroller of the city, and from him direct to the Casualty and Fidelity Company, in 1885 in trust as security as bondsmen for me as guardian in the sum of \$350,000.

I venture to say that the most degraded, dishonest and disreputable shyster lawyer in the purlieus of the Tombs would blush with shame at these blackguard tactics and the untruthful and shameful affidavits and statements made by David McClure in court and to the public press.

These conspirators, in order to control my daughter, Miss Minnie, represented to her that on examining her father's guardianship accounts there were found irregular and illegal expenditures, and that if objections were filed and she contested the same they would be able to obtain judgment against him for \$50,000, besides heavy costs.

My daughter absolutely refused to give her consent to any contest and wanted her affairs to be settled immediately, as she would sail for England in thirty days.

Compelled the marriage of His Daughter and the Englishman.

MY son, who was leagued with these conspirators (and who was very vindictive toward me because I had disowned him when he married), then made his sister the proposition that if she would consent to a legal contest they would cable Ramsey Nares to come to America and he would give her a fine wedding at his home, Deer Range, and the arrangement was made.

On Nares' arrival I decided to make one last effort to save my daughter, and so I sent a prominent gentleman, an old friend of the family, who had known my daughter from earliest childhood, and well known to Masterton, and Rollston and fortified with overwhelming evidence and unimpeachable proofs as to the destructive and notorious character of Ramsey Nares, and his rascally designs, and begged of them to investigate same and to save my daughter from such a terrible fate.

All these men, therefore, held the proofs in their hands that this man was an "adventurer" and an impudently scoundrel.

It is difficult to believe that these heartless, merciless, cruel men would aid and abet an "English fortune hunter" and secondarily in carrying out such a scheme and thus sacrifice and ruin the whole future life of this deluded young lady to wreak their vengeance and vindictiveness on her father.

But that is just what they did without the slightest hesitation or compunction whatever, and later on, when this marriage was consummated at "Deer Range," the first person to heartily congratulate my poor sacrificed daughter to this impudent English scoundrel and adventurer were Alexander Masterton, Rosewell G. Rollston and David McClure.

And it was a fitting sequel to this remarkable and disgraceful affair that when Mr. and Mrs. Nares left America for England, hastily (in order to escape a subpoena), they sneaked out of their country in the darkness of the night and in disguise, under the alias of Mr. and Mrs. William E. Gordon.

Now, when Masterton commenced this "fake suit" against me, representing to

my daughter that they could get judgment against me for \$50,000, they knew on examination of the accounts that there was not a discrepancy of 60,000 cents, and, therefore, it was a wicked swindle upon my daughter to involve her in this suit in order to carry out their schemes of revenge upon me and incidentally to fill their own pockets.

Of course, it was a "dead open and shut game" with McClure, where he held all her cash and securities in his office, and so these "precious scoundrels" set to work to swindle my daughter out of the cash then deposited with them.

As McClure had no case and had to show something for her money, and with his usual court methods in trying a case, he took up nearly the whole time of the court in "mind-slinging" vituperation, abuse and blackguardism. Out of upward of 3,500 pages of testimony given there were only 450 pages actually relating to the guardian's accounts, the balance of the proceedings being merely abuse of the defendant.

I fought these scoundrel steps by step under the generalship of my able and devoted counsel, Henry Thompson, through all the different courts to the Court of Appeals, back and forth, time and again, and I hung to them with the tenacity of a "bulldog," and we gave "little David McClure" such a "warning" as he will never forget, for instead of a three-months' suit, as he represented to this young lady, it was not ended or closed up for nearly ten years, and then, instead of getting judgment against me for \$50,000 and heavy costs," as McClure represented to her in 1888, the Court gave me judgment against her for a large amount and heavy costs, while the legal expenses in carrying out this suit cost my daughter upward of \$50,000.

But what I prized more than all and was worth a million to me was my over-whelming vindication in the court and the splendid vindication given me by the referee, Hon. Ernest Hall.

Quoting from a letter written by my daughter from England a few months ago to a lady friend, she says:

## A Daughter's Satisfaction at Her Own Loss.

"I am glad to learn that the suit against my father is at last ended, though with disastrous results to me, for it was decided in his favor and with a heavy judgment and costs against me. I am nevertheless rejoiced at his victory, for he deserves it, and like myself he was the victim of circumstances and a cruelly, deeply wronged man."

The rest of Mr. Plumb's statement, as follows, was in his own handwriting:

## Punishment Decreed by an Outraged God.

"It was fated that I should have been the victim of a malicious wrong—the victim of an atrocious conspiracy to injure me and sever all the dearest and tenderest relations of a parent—and all through the instrumentality of Alexander Masterton."

The man who has brought all this trouble upon me in my declining years—the man who broke up my happy home and separated me from my children and severed all the most sacred relations known to man and a loyal and loving father—no law can reach.

There is no reparation on the part of the heartless, merciless, cruel man that could wipe out this monstrous crime against me.

I have borne with patience and fortitude the wicked persecutions and cruel insults that have been heaped upon me in public and in private, and I have suffered everything but death at the hands of this man, but on all these years I have never lost sight of the day when Alexander Masterton would have to make a "personal accounting" to me for the great wrong done me, and it has been that—and that only—which has given me strength to bear up under all my trials and afflictions with patience and resignation.

"For if we do but hide the hour, There never yet was human power That could evade, if unforgiven, The patient search and vigil long Of him who treasures up a wrong."

No man has a higher regard for human life than I have, but the just and righteous punishment of Alexander Masterton is decreed by an outraged God, and I am simply the humble instrument in His hands, for He has selected me as His chosen instrument of earthly revenge.

I have rid the world of a man who is not fit to live, and whose death a thousand times over could never atone for the monstrous wrong done me.

God only knows the anguish and agony I have suffered since the memorable April 20, 1888, when my family was broken up and my daughters ruthlessly torn from me.

It has been an eternity to me, but I have never forgotten the day nor have I ever forgotten the "man."

J. NEALE PLUMB.

## PLUMB HAD PLANNED THE MURDER WITH CARE.

Lured Masterton to a Meeting and Shot Him Down—The Result of an Old Feud.

Alexander Masterton, a millionaire banker, was shot to death yesterday, in an apartment house at No. 10 West-Thirtieth street, by James Neale Plumb, the victim of the tragedy, who was seventy-two years old, was lured to his death by the man who took his life. Plumb had planned the murder for many weeks. He hated Masterton, and brooded alone over the great wrong he believed the banker had committed against him, until the hatred in his heart brought on the murder.

Plumb admits that he killed Masterton for revenge. More than that, he had prepared a statement telling why he would send Masterton to his death. He is fifty-five years old. He has been a rich man all of his life, or, at least, has spent money freely and lived the life of a gentleman of leisure.

The murdered man was one of the most prominent of New York's men of finance, and was for nearly half a century a conspicuous figure in Westchester County.

## AUCTION SALES—PAGE 13.

An array of bargains that will open your eyes. Now is the time to get bargains. Read the announcements of the auctioneers.

where, at Bronxville, he had a beautiful home and was greatly beloved.

## Men Had Been Enemies.

Masterton and Plumb had not been on good terms for many years. The banker had been the executor of the estate of Mrs. Plumb, the families having been neighbors at Bronxville. The ill feeling on the part of Plumb grew out of this circumstance. There had been suits, and Plumb had been charged with plundering his wife's estate, left wholly to her children. There was to have been some sort of a final settlement yesterday.

The men had not met in years—ten, Plumb declares—and an arrangement had been made for a conference yesterday. Masterton, W. T. Cole, of the Burlington Apartment Hotel, at No. 10 West-Thirtieth street, was one of Masterton's friends, and offered him his own sitting room, No. 85, on the third floor east, for the meeting. Both men arrived at the hotel at about exactly 1 p. m., he hour agreed upon. They retired to room No. 86.

They had been in the room only a few moments when they were heard in angry argument by Helen O'Reilly, a chambermaid, who was in a room nearby. She went out into the hall to hear what was going on. She heard one of the men, presumably Masterton, declare in a loud voice: "I will settle for nothing less than that amount."

Not another word was spoken according to the chambermaid, for there was instantly the sound of a revolver shot. Four more shots followed quickly, and then the door opened and Plumb walked slowly out. "There's a man in trouble in there," he said to the chambermaid, in the calmest manner.

Insurance Your Skirt against retreating. Buy FELT-RIM and get a real guarantee. Felt-rim looks clean and wears clean.

tones. With this he started down the stairs for the street.

## Plumb Told of the Shooting.

Berry Hicks, the elevator man, had heard the shots and reached the third floor just as Plumb started down. Hicks cried out to the man on duty at the front door that a man had been killed and that the murderer was on his way downstairs to escape. Several servants and the hotel clerk gathered in the little lobby to meet the descending murderer.

Plumb still carried the revolver when he reached the ground floor. He made no demonstration, but walked up to the elevator and said:

"I have just shot a man upstairs. I think I have killed him. It is all about a family matter, something about my children." A policeman was sent for. Patrolman Hight, of the West Thirtieth street station house, arrived. When he saw that Plumb was holding a revolver he prepared to draw his own, so as to defend himself should Plumb attempt to do him harm.

"Never mind," said Plumb, observing his caution, "there is my revolver." With that he handed the weapon, butt foremost, to Hight. He walked quietly with the policeman to the station house.

In the meantime Helen O'Reilly and half a dozen other servants had gone to the assistance of Mr. Masterton, who lay unconscious and bleeding on the floor in the middle of the room. They lifted him to a lounge and two of them ran out for physicians. Within fifteen minutes several surgeons were at the side of the injured man, and a little later his son-in-law, F. B. Hight, arrived. The surgeons labored for an hour with all their arts without avail. Just before he died Mr. Masterton was conscious for a moment, when he whispered to his son-in-law: "Plumb shot me." Then he sank to unconsciousness and death.

## Shot Five Times.

All five of the shots had taken effect. One had passed entirely through his body, entering at the back and making its exit in front, just above the abdomen. The other shots had entered the legs, passing through them. All four bullets were recovered in various parts of the room by the police. It was discovered finally by Dr. O'Connell, the coroner's physician, that death had been caused by shock, which the aged banker had not been able to withstand. Mr. Masterton was conscious for a moment, when he whispered to his son-in-law: "Plumb shot me." Then he sank to unconsciousness and death.

On the way to the station house Plumb told Police Captain Diehl that he had shot Masterton because of a family trouble, and said also that he had seen hundreds die and had killed ten men himself. He spoke incoherently, as if his mind was wandering. He was calmer and more rational when he arrived at the station house. Captain Price, the commander of the Tenderloin, was standing within the doorway as they entered.

"How are you, Captain Jim?" said Plumb; "don't you remember me?" It was not until Captain Price heard the name of the prisoner, that making its exit in front, just above the abdomen. The other shots had entered the legs, passing through them. All four bullets were recovered in various parts of the room by the police. It was discovered finally by Dr. O'Connell, the coroner's physician, that death had been caused by shock, which the aged banker had not been able to withstand. Mr. Masterton was conscious for a moment, when he whispered to his son-in-law: "Plumb shot me." Then he sank to unconsciousness and death.

Continued on Fifth Page.

**Upmann's Extra 5**

THE GREATEST 5 CENT CIGAR ON EARTH.

If your dealer won't supply you, send \$1.00 for a sample of 25.

CARL UPMANN, Manufacturer  
406 & 408 E. 59th St., N. Y.

**Hark! ORANGEINE**

The Harmless Destroyer of PAIN.

For Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism.

"Wonderful ORANGEINE."

No After Effects. No Reaction.

"Harmless ORANGEINE."